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## DOCTRINAL.

### JOHN WESLEY.

"Winchester had been intimate with the celebrated John Wesley, and had much conversation with him on the subject of the final restoration. He was in England when Wesley died, which was in 1791, six years before Winchester's decease. Some years before Wesley's death, according to Winchester's account and Wesley's own writings, he became a believer in the salvation of all men.

After Winchester's return to America, he published a poem, composed by Wesley, which is fully and clearly expressive of the infinite and immutable love of God, and of his free grace to every soul of man, and showing that, finally, every soul of Adam's posterity, would become swallowed up in the great ocean of divine love. In connection with this poem, Winchester states, that Wesley informed him that he was fully convinced of the truth of the restoration, or restoration, of all things, though he had not yet opened his mind on that subject to the world, because he believed that the public mind was not yet ripe for it, &c. but that he had written a sermon on that subject, and left it with a printer, with orders to publish several thousand copies, (and had paid the printer therefor,) with strict orders to have none of them sold, but to have them handed out gratis to the world.

A writer, speaking of Wesley's learning, says, "he was a Greek scholar, and well knew how to apply the words forever, everlasting, &c. according to the true meaning of the original, and agreeably to the true, limited sense of the original speaker, when applied to limited subjects and finite things. When he said forever, everlasting, &c. he did not always mean endless.

"Why have we never seen some of Wesley's publications, or public testimony against Universalism, if he had considered it an error? As a faithful witness of truth would he have neglected this important part of duty? The answer is easy. He was himself a firm believer in universal salvation: at any rate, the latter part of his life; and extended the doctrine further than any author I ever read." The writer means, because he even believed in the immortality, and restoration of brutes. But all this, and whatever more testimony that might be produced, short of his own confession that we believed in the salvation of all men, would, it is probable, be disputed. I shall therefore refer to his own writings, and the reader may judge for himself.

In this 5th volume of Sermons, p. 189, after speaking of the state of the world, occasioned by sin, he says, "It will not be always thus; these things are only permitted for a season by the governor of the world, that he may draw immense, eternal good out of this temporary evil. This is the very key which the apostle himself gives us in the words above recited, *God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon them all.* In this view of this glorious event, how well may we cry out, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!' Although for a season his judgments were unsearchable and his ways past finding out. It is enough, we are assured of the one point, that all these transient evils will issue well—will have a happy conclusion, and that 'MERCY FIRST AND LAST SHALL REIGN.' He will never intermit the blessed work of his Spirit until he has fulfilled ALL HIS PROMISES, until he hath put a period to sin, and misery, and death, and re-established universal holiness and happiness, and caused all the inhabitants of the earth to sing together, *Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,*" &c.

In page 202, after speaking of the wretched and unhappy state of millions, occasioned by sin, he says, "Miserable lot of such innumerable multitudes, who, insignificant as they seem, are the offspring of one common Father, the creatures of the same God of Love! Then certainly, like

a merciful Father, he will not suffer them eternally to perish." And again, in page 203, he adds, "So there will be no more sorrow or crying. Nay, there will be a greater deliverance than all this; for there will be no more sin." And in page 177, after speaking of the present awful and wretched state of man, he says, "Such is the present state of mankind, in all parts of the world! But how astonishing is this, if there is a God in heaven, and if his eyes are over all the earth? Can he despise the work of his own hand? Surely this is one of the greatest mysteries under heaven? How is it possible to reconcile this either with the wisdom or goodness of God?"—"And what can give ease to a thoughtful mind, under so melancholy a prospect?" "What but the consideration, that things will not always be so; that another scene will be opened. God will be jealous of his honour, he will maintain his own cause. He will judge the prince of this world, and spoil him of his usurped dominions.—He will give the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."\*\*\*\* It is decided that the world of mankind shall belong to Christ, and that Satan shall be cast out, and have no power within the bounds of Christ's kingdom."

And page 174, is on the same subject of the deliverance of all men from sin and suffering—"And death, the last enemy of man, shall be destroyed at the resurrection."

In page 156, he says, "Allowing the whole creation now groaneth together, under the sin of man, our comfort is that it will not always groan. The whole creation shall then be delivered both from moral and natural corruption. And the whole RACE OF MANKIND shall know, and love, and serve God, and reign with him forever."—"If the whole race of mankind shall love and serve God, then surely all will be saved. More full and complete universal salvation I never heard preached, or saw written, by any Universalist, than this of Wesley.—*Brown's History.*

We make the following extract from a volume of very interesting Sermons preached by Rev. JAMES BOWERS, formerly rector of Christ's Church in this town. There is much truth in it which we recommend to the attention of our readers.

"You have witnessed, in some of the religious, in the progress of what they call awakening and conversion, a tone and movement of religious affection much higher than what you find it possible to rise to—the utmost extremes of desperation and triumph—at one hour, the horrors and throes of self-condemnation and misery—and anon, the raptures and ecstasies of spiritual exultation and joy. And you learn from their mouth, in language savouring less of modest piety than of presumptuous pride, that you must pass through the same agitations and tortures and ecstasies; must feel as they feel—must experience what they experience—must see and know according to their measure of light and knowledge—or you cannot obtain salvation. And finding it impossible thus to feel and thus to conceive, you sink down into sadness and melancholy.

But I would take leave, with diffidence, to suggest a scruple or two on the justness of this unfortunate conclusion. In the first place, it is doubted whether you are CAPABLE of feeling as these persons feel: and—it is doubted whether you OUGHT to feel as they feel. Have you the same natural propensities with them? Have you the same warmth of constitution? Is your animal system equally ardent and inflammable? Have your means of information been of the same stunted measure?—Have you lived their lives—formed their habits—and has your conscience received the same wounds and violations? Not to mention, that there is much infuriate zeal, which is not according to knowledge; not to mention that there are many imposing pretences to piety, which are hypocritical; not to enlarge on these things, we would premise, that the same ardent animal temperament, which betrays persons into debauchery, intemperance, maliciousness, and every vice, which tends to darken the understanding and deprave the heart, renders them the subjects of these spiritual heats and extravagancies.

Nor would we question but these animal disturbances are sometimes connected with real convictions, which lead to a happy revolution of character; for which they have abundant reason of thankfulness to Him, from whom every good gift cometh down.—There is often however, in these subjects of real congratulation, something to lament and deplore. In subjects of spiritual progress, every appearance of spiritual pride is mortifying. It is a sorry spectacle indeed when those, who have recently been washed from their pollutions, and who are bound, by every consideration, to humility, watchfulness, and self distrust, become inquisitors upon the conduct and sentiments of their betters; and presume to address such, as have not run to the same excess of riot, in the language of rebuke and reproach. If you regard this conduct as you certainly ought,

it will not browbeat you into melancholy.—It will excite your pity and awaken your pious regrets.

That every passionate devotee is marked by these unfavorable circumstances, we would not suppose. Nor would we, in the smallest degree, undervalue or discredit those sensible, sudden conversions, which without doubt are sometimes lasting and happy. Instead of doubting or denying these merciful dispensations, we would rejoice in every instance, in which irreligion and immortality are remarkably arrested. We would congratulate every subject of providential escape from the snares of infidelity and sin. We would bless God for every instance, in which remarkable providences, impressive discourses, religious books, touching expressions and sentences, or any affecting incidents of life, have been the means of awakening the careless and converting the wicked from the error of their ways. A sudden and solemn, and highly important and NECESSARY change has passed upon these persons. Such a change may be indispensably necessary to many: but we contend, that it is not equally so to EVERY ONE. We do not allege, that as there is, in the nature of things, a great variety of religious condition; so the supposition, that every person, without distinction, 'ought to be miserable till he is the subject of such a change,' is incorrect, unscriptural, and highly detrimental to the interests of goodness. For, in what does this change consist? Is it a revolution of opinion; the receiving of a set of new objects, on the part of the understanding? But there are of every religious system many, who have grown up in its belief, and consequently some of your system, whosever you are that urge this necessity. Is it a change produced in the affections? But there are many, who never have felt themselves, or been viewed by others, as settled haters of God and goodness. Is it a revolution in the life, a turning from sin to holiness? But there are many, who having persevered hitherto in the pious courses of early education, are not now conscious 'of ever having been without the influence of religion; of ever having lost sight of its sanctions; of ever having renounced them; of ever having violated them, in the general course of their conduct. Do all these persons require an immediate, radical, total change of affections and habits and views, completely subversive of all their prior discipline and progress? The thing is not to be believed.

### "LET THE DEAD SLEEP ON IN PEACE."

A circumstance lately occurred in the village of Gray, Me. which we notice, because such things sometimes happen in our own region, and which deserves the censure of every friend to humanity:

"It seems that an extremely respectable physician died in that place, some two or three weeks since, and the Rev. Mr. Peckham, who resided in the place, was invited to preach his funeral sermon. He chose for his text 'What shall the end be of them who obey not the Gospel?' The clergyman, with a delicacy infinitely to be admired, compared the doctor to a thief, a robber, or any gross violator of the commandments."

Although we do not believe there are many among our Clergy who would be guilty of slandering the dead in so great a degree as this Reverend Mr. Peckham has, we too often see the same theme touched on a lower key; darkly hinted at by crafty insinuation. And finally seen them consigned to a place of torment, by the hand of him who is called upon to bestow the rights of sepulture upon the dead.

This practice ought not to be countenanced. Because, were it not unjust and cruel, it would still be useless and unnecessary. The dead are beyond the reproof of man; his voice breaks not the stillness which reigns beyond the tomb; his influence cannot pass the barrier of the grave. The dead are in the hands of their God, and who shall dare to rob him of the power of judgment.

Because, if one person censures or reproves another, knowing that the person so reproved or censured can neither receive benefit from the reproof nor defend himself from the censure, that person must be prompted by malice; And a person who would gratify his malicious feelings by insulting the memory of the dead, is worse than an infidel.

Because, it is injurious to the cause of Christianity. If the friends of the deceased have never been convinced of the true principles of the gospel, by mild argument, who can hope to see them so convinced, by anathemas that murder the character of those they loved when living and whose memory is dear to them in death.

Because, our Bill of Rights, allows every man to worship God after the manner of his own conscience, and because, as free and equal citizens, the religious opinions of one man are entitled to as much respect as those of another; and therefore should not be condemned: one person being as liable to erroneous conclusions as another.

Because, it will give the Clergy of certain denominations, an undue influence over the minds of the people. If any

class of men, can convince the ignorant, that they hold in their hands the power to absolve or condemn, that class of men must be eminently dangerous to the government under which they live. And this must be the aim of any man who attempts to convince the public, that any person who dies not believing the letter of his creed, is damned.

Because the common dictates of humanity, teach us to respect the feelings of those who mourn departed relatives. If they were the most abandoned of the human race, in death we should forget their crimes, out of respect to the living. For the brand of infamy could not make a mother forget the child she nursed: Nor a wife the husband of her bosom; Nor a sister the tender companion of her youth, the brother she so fondly cherished. No stain however dark, can shade the affections—no hand can efface the recollection of those who are dear to us—nothing but the waters of Lethe can drive them from our memory. They may have been infamous: still, they were our children, or our parents, or our husbands, or our brothers, or our sisters; we knew them in their innocence, and we loved them. They may have been the most vile, but, in death they have paid the great debt: The mantle of oblivion should be permitted to shroud the memory, as the cold marble does the body.

Because, it will embitter the last moments of the dying. The reflection that our faults will be publicly conned over at our burial, must be a thorn on the death-bed pillow; well calculated to fill with turbulent emotions those moments which should be the most placid.

Because, it is one of the many improper methods which the Clergy take to retain an unwarrantable influence over public mind, and sway public opinion. It is an usurpation of Omnipotent power, not only over the body when it moves, but over the soul when it has winged its way to the arms of him who created it.

Northern Star.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

#### Lorenzo and Clarissa.

Five years had elapsed since I saw my friend, Lorenzo, the day after his union with his amiable Clarissa, cast a "lingering look" towards the venerable cottage of her father, and drove towards the rural spot destined for their future place of residence. The pursuit of happiness had led me from the circle of my friends, into distant parts; where I too often observed the painful scenes of misery and wretchedness, which sin, ignorance, and folly produce, and which are entailed upon our species, by the want of a resolution to discard them, or a destitution of that knowledge which would annihilate the procuring cause of every moral evil.

While attempting to investigate the causes of inquietude, of woe, and of abject wretchedness, I had been led to conclude, that the want of an acquaintance with the pure principles of the gospel, is perhaps, the cause, of incalculable misery. Surely, said I to myself, our kind CREATOR has not, in establishing the laws of nature, rendered necessary, nor proper, those acute miseries so often experienced by his offspring.—The fowls of heaven, and beasts of the field, are evidently more happy, in proportion to what they are capable of experiencing, than the reputed "lord of creation." And is it not true, I inquired, that we invent a thousand wants and evils, in the gratification and practice of which there is, at best, but a momentary enjoyment? It is, if I mistake not, our pride, our extravagance, our ignorance, and perhaps our unchastened ambition, which so frequently leads us to the portals of wretchedness and despair. Let man limit his desires to his own fireside, or at most to the circle of his friends, who, having been tried, are found worthy of confidence; and, with a becoming resignation to the will of Heaven, his happiness will be complete, or at least as perfect as can be expected here below.

A train of reflections, similar to the foregoing, were passing through my mind as I rapped at the door of my friends. With mingled emotions of joy and apprehensiveness, I entered their dwelling, and saluted the friends of my youth. I had heard but little of them since their settlement in life; and it was impossible to restrain a degree of anxiety proportionate to the interest I felt in their welfare. Perhaps their humble dwelling had become the residence of disappointed hope and its concomitant misery: perhaps they had sought for happiness in the giddy circles of fashionable folly, and like thousands of others, had been rewarded with vexation and remorse: and, perhaps, by embracing the corrupting dogmas of a fashionable religion, they had become callous to the emotions of friendship, or the voice of charity. But these apprehensions were soon dispelled.

We were soon seated by the cheerful fire, engaged in conversation. By the side of the interesting Clarissa was seated her son of about four years of age, and, in her arms, an infant daughter of as many months. The glances of the father had attracted my attention; and every thing I beheld tended to convince me,

that the happy pair were blessed with mutual affection. Health and contentment were seated upon their countenances, and the competency which their honest industry had acquired, was apparently received, and enjoyed, with thankfulness and gratitude. Surely, said I to myself, if happiness is to be found on earth, it is here. The mother caressed her infant, with the fondness of one whose soul was wrapped up in parental love, and listened, occasionally, to the innocent prattle of theurchin at her side, with a mother's fondness.

A momentary silence had occurred, and was agreeably interrupted by the mother. "These little ones," she said, addressing herself to me, "are considered by us, as rich blessings bestowed by heaven itself; as seals of our plighted and mutual love. Since our marriage, on which occasion you were present, we have been blessed with prosperity and happiness. Our all, this side the grave, is centred in our lovely children. Our joy is unutterable, while we witness the expansion of their faculties; nor is our happiness diminished, when we retrospectively survey our efforts to provide for them. Our industry has been blessed, by our heavenly Benefactor; and we trust, that by a continuance of our efforts, with the blessing of heaven, our own and their wants will be supplied. Lorenzo, you perceive, (she continued,) is apparently happy, and my enjoyment is enhanced by doing all in my power to render him so, and is not destroyed by any suspicions of inconstancy or want of affection to myself." As she paused, I found it difficult to refrain from expressing my emotions; and, involuntarily responded—you must be happy indeed!

A cruel thought obtruded upon my mind, and cast a momentary gloom over the pleasing scene. Oppressed with its weight, I ventured to express it. Your affectionate husband, madam, and your little children, with whose happiness your own is evidently identified, are doubtless indescribably dear to you; but, have you never been told, that, on account of the sin of our progenitors, even your little children, have become liable to the wrath and curse of God? Yea, have you not been told, that possibly your FUTURE bliss will be enhanced, by beholding their unutterable woe and misery? and have you not been taught to believe it your duty, to be WILLING to witness all this, if it should appear to be the will of God to have it so? The chill of death seemed for a moment to pervade the faculties of the mother; but soon a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance, and dispelled the unwelcome gloom. She replied—"Tis true, we have heard such sentiments advanced, even from the sacred desk; but blessed be God, the impressions of that nature, so abhorrent, so destitute of rational piety, so repugnant to enlightened reason; nay, so hostile to the revelation of Heaven—have been eradicated by the illuminating spirit of eternal truth. Our minds have long since been liberated from the bondage of such unholiness, and we heed them not!" The light of Jehovah's countenance seemed to inspire her with love divine as she proceeded. "God is Love; and hath commanded his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners in due time Christ died for us. Nor did he die for us alone. He gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. He died to redeem us from all iniquity; he was the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and we, being sinners, and numbered among transgressors, feel for ourselves, that we have an interest in our Redeemer. But those little innocents," she said, "who know no law, and are consequently incapable of wilfully violating any, whether human or divine, are not exposed to the penalty of any moral rule. Moreover, they were set forth by Christ, as patterns for our imitation, and well would it be for us all, if we imitated their humility and innocence more carefully. Yea, our blessed Saviour hath said, 'suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

How then, can we doubt, therefore, that if they are taken from our arms by death, they will be embraced by our Saviour, and nourished by the God of all grace? No, sir, she continued; we, imperfect as we are, love our children; but God, Oh! delightful reflection! loves them and us, with a PERFECT LOVE. Believing thus, we are truly happy; and it is our heart's desire and prayer to God, that every parent may have the same holy and peace-giving faith."

As he entered a tear of joy was seen trickling down her cheek, while a glow of generous pride, on the part of the happy Lorenzo, seemed to say "she is the idol of my heart."

The happiness of the moment was indescribable. Thy gospel, great God, I inwardly ejaculated, how precious—how consoling! Thy love, al! gracious Heaven, how vast, how stupendous!—How little is known of thy nature, by those who fear thine implacable wrath! and how superlatively happy are those who know thy will, and KEEP THY COMMANDMENTS.



## THE INTELLIGENCER.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.—PAUL.

GARDINER, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

**MISREPRESENTATION.**—It is a truth, as lamentable as it is undeniable, that controversialists, of all denominations, are too prone to misrepresent the systems they oppose. The disposition to do this, however, cannot be good. Wilful misrepresentation is a species of falsehood; and those who employ it, however much they may think they are contending for the cause of true religion, have but a very small claim to that vital goodness, for the supposed want of which in others, they allow themselves to misrepresent, defame and persecute them. If a sentiment cannot be opposed on its own ground, let it alone. The moment people undertake to misrepresent it, they yield it an enviable complacent—a testimony in favour of its truth, which, though it is perhaps unconsciously given, will be received as conclusive by all impartial and discerning persons.

We were led to these remarks by reading an article written by one of the correspondents for the *Christian Inquirer* inserted in the third number of the present volume of that paper. In professing to give an account of the faith of universalists he says, among other instances of abusive misrepresentation that they hold, "that the most profane and wicked wretch on earth, may become a subject of the gospel salvation, enter into the kingdom of heaven here, and enjoy all the hopes of heaven and a happy immortality, without any moral change, and without being reclaimed from a sinful and wicked life!" This we must be permitted to remark, for we feel it to be our duty to say it, is absolutely untrue. Universalists believe in no such thing. The man who, at this late day when there is so good an opportunity of ascertaining what we do believe, can take up his pen and indite such an assertion as the above, we fear must be under the influence of principles which never ought to animate a person to contend for or to oppose any thing associated with religion. We have often had occasion to complain of the unfairness of those who speak and write against our views. Scarcely a week passes in which we do not hear the above charge reiterated. "Why, universalists believe that there is no need of repentance, reformation or religion! They say all men are to be saved in their sins, without any moral change or without being reclaimed from a sinful and wicked life! Abominable!" It is this falsehood, which has undoubtedly caused many, otherwise well meaning people to conclude so hastily as they do against our sentiments. They believe what others say, without suffering themselves to be corrected. They obtain their ideas of our doctrine from a poisoned source; and it is from the common fountain of misrepresentation that they drink in the jaundiced waters of prejudice against a sentiment they are exhorted to abhor and which they are not permitted to examine.

It is time people were undeceived in relation to this subject. It is time they were solemnly assured, that universalists do not believe that men can be saved "without any moral change." There is no denomination that more earnestly maintains the absolute necessity of holiness to prepare men for happiness, than does our own. We hold it to be utterly impossible that any man should be saved in his sins. After this frank and explicit avowal of our sentiments, we would make our appeal to all candid and honest men of every sect for a removal of the above unjust imputation. We ask them, whether they are willing to do justice to their fellow citizens; and if so, whether they will any longer violate the laws of christianity as well as those of common courtesy, by asserting, or giving countenance to the assertion, that we deny the need of a "moral change" to prepare men for heaven? We do not expect that this appeal will reach the eye or the ear of many of those who are the most active in misrepresenting our faith. They will not permit themselves, or they are not allowed by their leaders, to read or hear any thing which appears in our paper, fearing most probably that, in so doing, they should obtain a light which might discover to them some of their errors. Such are as far beyond the reach of the calls of common justice, as they are beyond the voice of instruction. They must therefore remain in their prejudices and die in their errors. But it may possibly come under the notice of some of our more magnanimous opposers. To such we would humbly ask the privilege of saying one word. Whenever, hereafter, you have occasion to speak of universalism, and would have a regard for truth, say not that our doctrine promises men salvation in their sins, or from the punishment due to their sins. Say rather that we maintain that repentance, reformation and holiness will be as universal as the salvation for which we contend. In short, that we believe all men will be saved, not without a "moral change," but by it,—not because they are to escape the punishment which their sins deserve, but because "all are to remember and turn unto the Lord," and thus, by means of faith and holiness be prepared for salvation.

If our doctrine can be opposed upon this

ground—if it can be shown that the reign of sin is to be eternal, and that transgression will forever remain—let it be done. But if others cannot disprove our faith without founding all their frightful arguments in misrepresentation, they had better remain silent. For such a course, while in the event it can do us no harm, is only calculated to convince others of the truth of our belief and of the weakness and wickedness of those who thus oppose it.

**MR. PECKHAM'S SERMON.**—On our first page will be found a notice, taken from a political paper published out of this state, of the celebrated sermon preached by Mr. Peckham in Gray, at the funeral of the late lamented Dr. WHITNEY. There is also, we perceive, another allusion to the same, in a communication from a respected correspondent, which will be found below. We have been informed that our friends in Gray, as well as many others in different sections, have been looking for some time to the *Intelligencer* for a more formal notice of that sermon than has yet appeared in it. The reason why their expectations have not been fulfilled by the present editor is, that he has been waiting for a communication on the subject from the late editor. That communication will undoubtedly be received before long, and as soon as it comes to hand we shall cheerfully give it an insertion.

In the mean time we may be permitted to remark, that the sermon alluded to, though we saw it at the time it was published in the *Argus*, has passed out of our hands, and a copy of it is not now in our possession. So far, however, as our memory serves us, the preacher proceeded from the text,—"What shall the end of them be that obey not the gospel of God?"—to ascertain First—*What it is to disobey the Gospel?* Secondly—to show the final and unalterable condition of those who disobey it. Under the first of these heads, he asserted that to disobey the Gospel, is, among other things, to disbelieve the doctrines contained in it. Those doctrines, to disbelieve which is to disobey the Gospel, he asserted very gratuitously and, as we conceive, very unwarrantably, to be, in short, the five points of Calvinism! Therefore, he who does not believe, as he must have known the lamented Whitney did not, in the rigid features and perplexing inconsistencies of Calvinism, disobeys the Gospel of God, and his "end" was a subject of inquiry under the second head. Here he proceeded to quote a formidable list of texts, which we are full in the opinion, he did not understand himself, and for the meaning he would affix to which, he depended upon the erroneous prepossessions of his less informed hearers, to prove that the persons whose characters he pretended to have ascertained under his first head, will be miserable to all eternity! The direct and legitimate inference from all which was, that the estimable citizen, who then laid low before him in death, was in hell, and must remain there forever! Such were the consolations which he—a professed minister of peace and comfort, sent to "bind up the broken hearted, and to comfort all who mourn," tendered to the bleeding hearts of a bereaved family, whose affections, like their prayers, followed their friend into the eternal world! In short, if our memory serves us, as we feel confident it does, the essence of his sermon was simply and truly the following: To disobey the Gospel, is to deny the doctrines of John Calvin; and all those who thus disobey the Gospel by denying those doctrines, are no better than thieves, liars and drunkards and must go to hell and be doomed to infinite and eternal tortures.

Now it is no part of our present design to show the fallacy and unscriptural character of his argument. The whole of it rests upon his bare assertion, and we remain to be informed that the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Peckham carries any weight of authority whatever with it. Indeed, we do not believe that the sermon really merits a formal refutation. The conclusion which he laboured to obtain is so obviously revolting to the common sense of mankind and so manifestly opposed to the temper and spirit of the Gospel of a merciful God, that the thinking part of the community are in no danger of embracing it. The credulous and superstitious might receive his assertions as legitimate evidence; and over such he is welcome to all the honours of an influence. But for us, or any other person, to endeavour to convince them by any opposing argument, would, as Dr. Goldsmith once described it, be "as vain as the attempt to spread quick-silver with the finger." Argument is useless where there is a previous determination not to regard it.

We rejoiced that the citizens of Gray, by their committee, had the independence to defend the character of their respected townsman against the intolerant abuse of him who had the honor of being invited to preach his funeral sermon, and from whom better things ought to have been expected. Pharisaic insolence has been long enough borne with. It is time it was resisted by every friend of our civil and religious liberties; and we are happy to take this opportunity to tender our respectful thanks to the committee who drew up and published that very able, mild and magnanimous Report, which was alike an

honor to themselves and to the spirit of the age in which we live.

We were glad too that Mr. P. sent his sermon to the *Argus* for publication after the appearance of that report. The committee could ask no better confirmation of what they had said, than was contained in that intolerant spirit which stared in almost every sentence of the sermon.

We hope our readers will not accuse us of reviving a subject which has, by common consent, been permitted to "sleep the sleep of death." By the last *Kennebec Journal*, we perceive Mr. Peckham is not yet willing it should be forgotten. The editors of that paper, which certainly is one of the most impartial, independent and able papers in the state, took occasion, it seems, at the time, to make some faithful and yet respectful remarks upon the sermon in question. This was as it should be; and the course pursued by that paper, has been approved of by all high minded and intelligent persons, of all sects, amongst us. Mr. Peckham, it appears, has recently written the editors a letter, complaining of ill treatment, and requiring them to publish a second edition of his sermon in the *Journal*. As if he supposed that the circulation of that discourse would carry a redeeming influence with it! Mr. P. is assuredly mistaken. The wider his sermon circulates, the more extensive must be the public expression of indignation. It is too late in the day for such things. The state of society is at least one century ahead of the Rev. Gentleman. His ambition to see his sermon frequently in print, is unfortunate for him; as it contains a complete confirmation of all which has been said concerning its intolerant and unchristian character.

**EVENING MEETINGS.** While Mr. and Mrs. Stone, of Grafton, were absent from their family, on the evening of the 24th January, attending a conference meeting, the house which they occupied took fire and was entirely consumed, together with their four young children! The father and mother, supposing themselves to be in the discharge of their duty to God, by neglecting a defenceless family at home, returned in season only to behold the bodies of their offspring consuming among the burning ruins!

We have long been opposed on principle to the very fashionable practice of holding night meetings; for while we have seldom seen any good, we have often seen the bad effects resulting from them. There is, we believe, in general, more mischief done, than good obtained from them. Equally opposed are we to that untutored and vehement zeal, which leads people to neglect their proper employments and the most obvious duties, to run at the call of those, perhaps well meaning, but enthusiastic men, who, naturally averse to study, have nothing to do but appoint religious meetings almost every day and night in the week, in which, as might be expected, sound is too often substituted for sense, assertion for argument, and passion for religion.

What is the object of an attendance on religious worship? It cannot be to benefit our Creator by our words; for he is infinitely above receiving any additions to his glory. Is it not principally to obtain instruction how to serve him and our fellow creatures more acceptably? But what shall we say of those who "are forever learning, but never able" to allow themselves the time to attend to the practical and only legitimate object of instruction—the duties of life? It is altogether a mistaken idea, which many have, that they must serve God by abstracting from that time, all of which ought to be devoted to the active and primary duties which we owe to ourselves and one another. God can receive no advantage from our very frequent attendance on religious meetings; and we receive none when we are not thereby disposed to retire and fill up the measure of our days with acts of virtue and beneficence. We would not be understood as speaking against religious meetings. We are as decided friends of them, at proper times and on suitable occasions, as any person whatever. It is the extreme in the case of which we disapprove. To speak plainly, we have, not unfrequently, seen people, in their zeal to be religious, be what we should call very irreligious, by neglecting the social and relative duties, to go, day after day and night after night, to meetings. We have seen women, whose duty it is to be at home, attending to their domestic concerns, instructing and protecting their children, running away from their families, who need their constant presence, leaving them unprotected and unprovided for, to go and hear some favourite preacher praise them for their zeal in the cause of religion! Religion is goodness. To be religious is to be good. To be good is to do good. But how much good is done by such a practice? Who is benefitted by it? None.

The above melancholy incident led us irresistibly to these reflections. It adds another instance to the bad effect of night meetings and of a misguided zeal. The parents were professedly religious. Hence they must go to a night meeting, leaving their unprotected children behind them. And what was the consequence? This habitation was

consumed, and with it their lovely children were destroyed! A heart rending comment, it is true, on the notion that religion can be separated from the duties which we owe to our families, our friends, our fellow creatures. We are far from saying that this was a judgment on these religious parents for attending a conference meeting; though we have no doubt if the same event had happened to a Universalist while absent from his family to attend to a Universalist meeting, we should have seen the circumstance mentioned in all the opposition papers, as a signal judgment of heaven upon him for such impiety! But we hope not to have the disposition to construe every accident that befalls those whose views differ from our own, into an evidence of God's displeasure towards them for disagreeing with ourselves.

On the first page of this week's paper will be found an extract from Dr. Brown's *History*, tending to show that Mr. John Wesley believed in the final salvation of all men. If any of our Methodist friends, acquainted with the life of Mr. W. are able to show that he did not, as Dr. B. asserts he did, believe in universal salvation, we would respectfully thank them to correct the error in the columns of this paper, which are open to any candid communications from them on this subject.

We have been informed by a friend who was recently in Portland that, Rev. RUSSELL STREETER contemplates a removal from that town the coming spring. As much as we should regret to lose his services in this state, we cannot, consistently with our friendship and fraternal regard for him, wish him to remain where health, if not life, must be sacrificed, especially if there is a prospect of restoration and equal usefulness elsewhere. We hope our information is incorrect, though it comes from a most credible source; but if he must go—if the climate of Portland is unfavourable to his health and he is obliged to seek a more friendly air, our fervent prayers shall follow him,—that his health may be restored, and that he may live to see many years of great prosperity and usefulness.

The Society in Portland to which he ministers will, if he removes, undoubtedly sustain a loss that cannot be easily repaired; still, we hope they will console themselves in the prospect of his restoration to health and, as a change of ministers is not unfrequently advantageous in the ministry of the word, by renewing an interest in the cause, we hope also that they will, under some other person, continue to enjoy great unanimity and prosperity.

The first volume of the *CHRISTIAN VISITANT*, a work published in this State by order of the Eastern Association, is republishing in Hartford, Connecticut. As the Editor of this paper, who is the Agent for the Association, feels to take some interest in a work written by himself, he would respectfully thank the Editor of the *Religious Inquirer* if he would forward us a copy of those Nos. which have been reprinted and those that may hereafter be published.

Thirty-six pews in the Meeting House of the first Universalist Society in Plymouth, (Mass.) were recently sold for \$4,110, being about \$200 more than the appraisement. We rejoice that liberal sentiments have at length been introduced into that ancient town; and we doubt not they are established upon that "rock against which the gates of hell cannot prevail."

A new Universalist Meeting House is about to be erected in Watertown, (Mass.)

A Universalist Society was organized on the 9th of Dec. last in Ware, (Mass.)

The story of a drunkard being found hung by the bell rope of the Universalist Church in Cambridge, appears to be totally untrue; as no such circumstance has taken place in that town.

**MONITORIAL INSTRUCTION.**—Among the improvements of the present age, the system of mutual instruction, in our primary schools, which has been introduced into some of our cities and towns, deserves the attention of parents and others interested in the education of youth. It partakes something of the character both of the Pestalozzian and the Lancasterian systems; but leaving the errors of each, it is an improvement on both, embracing chiefly the features of the former.

No cause is more dear to the true patriot and philanthropist than that of a good education. He sees involved in it the durability and excellence of all our enviable institutions and the respectability, virtue and happiness of the community. Any thing therefore, however humble it may be, which serves to advance that cause, is highly interesting to the friends of national and individual welfare. The need of a reformation in the old and yet general system of instruction, has long been acknowledged and felt. In most of our common schools there cannot, where there is but one instructor, and, as is generally the case, a large number of pupils, be much personal attention paid to each individual. A large proportion of the time is, or may be—especially by those children who are well enough disposed to avail themselves

of an opportunity to be indolent—quite unemployed. But children, naturally active, cannot, and will not be wholly idle. When not engaged—as under the old system of instruction they have too much of an opportunity, and some, too much of a disposition, not to be engaged, in the dry and partly unassisted duties of study—their attention will be devoted to improper objects, and their time spent unprofitably if not disobediently. Chastisement follows; consisting, in most cases, in corporal inflictions, often severe and seldom serviceable. Then come complaints, which, it is not to be denied, frequently produce quarrels, perhaps terminating in prosecutions. We do not say that such is always, but we do know it is often the case in those schools where there are, say fifty scholars, and where an instructor, keeping but six hours in a day, has but six minutes to devote to the personal attention of each. In larger schools the proportion is less and the lost time greater. Every person acquainted with common school instruction must acknowledge that there are evils in the system, alike injurious to the children and perplexing to the instructor; and that there is great room for improvement somewhere.

That improvement is professedly, and we doubt not actually, made in the monitorial system. There can be little or no time unemployed; and the method of instruction is such as to interest the children agreeably while they make a rapid proficiency in their studies. Whipping and beating belong not to the system; it carries in itself a redeeming and corrective virtue.

We now speak from experience. Having for a number of years instructed youth upon the old system, and having recently had the honor of lending some feeble assistance in establishing, and, as a member of the committee, in visiting and regulating a school on the monitorial system in a sister town, the writer of this hastily prepared article feels in some measure qualified to express an opinion relative to the comparative merits of the two respective systems. And in doing it, he hesitates not to say that the monitorial system—especially in large schools—is vastly preferable to the former.

Two schools of this description were established in the village of Belfast last summer. In one, under the care of a master, there are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred scholars over seven years of age; in the other, taught by a mistress, there are something more than one hundred under seven years old. The same amount of money, which, under the old system, would afford those children but about four months tuition, imperfect as it generally is, will now furnish them with nearly one year's instruction, and at a school where learning is not a task but an amusement, not irksome but pleasurable, not tardy but rapid. Notwithstanding the system, at the time of its introduction, (we must be pardoned for speaking of this particular case—it is the only one that has come under our personal observation,) had many prejudices to encounter, it has, we believe, overcome them all. The unparalleled proficiency that has been made, is a recommendation of the utility of the system that cannot be resisted. A visit to such a school, properly conducted, cannot but be highly gratifying to all who feel interested in the education of youth. There, children are intent upon their studies—they love them. At the recitations there is noise it is true, but nothing like confusion. All is order and persevering industry.

But it was not our design to give a full and particular account of the operation of the system of which we speak. We have not now either room or time to do it;—hereafter something more may be said upon the subject. On the whole, we believe this method of instruction is altogether superior to the old, and doubt not that wherever it is introduced, under favourable circumstances—especially in large towns and villages—it will be found highly economical and advantageous.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE INTELLIGENCER.

"Who, among men, Great Lord of all,  
Thy servant to his bar may call,  
Decide of heresy, and shake  
A brother, o'er the flaming lake?"—Scott.

If the above question had been asked at this time, the answer might have been, "the Rev. Mr. Peckham of Gray, and some others, who seem to have assumed the conceit that they are wise because they have learned the creeds taught in the Bangor, and similar institutions; and therefore have the right of condemning others." I should not have had the desire of introducing this affair again to public notice, had not my own feelings been tortured by a similar transaction a few years since. I had travelled some miles to attend the funeral of a friend, and pay my last sincere respects to the remains of the deceased. You cannot conceive what were my sensations, when I heard him condemned to never-ending misery. I knew not what to call it; delusion, madness, or insanity. I had previously believed that our clergy were the believers in, and the disciples and followers of, the Prince of Peace;—that, like him, they would go about doing good, binding up the broken hearted and comforting those who mourn, giving deliverance to the captive. I had no belief that they intended to take upon themselves the spirit and temper of inquisitors and bigots, and pursue their victim beyond the confines of the grave to wreak their malice upon him, because his conscience forbade his subscribing to creeds which were inconsistent with the truths of revelation, and because he was too honest to profess.



**FOUND,**  
NEAR Worromontogus bridge in Pittston on  
the 26th of December last a **BUFFALO SKIN**  
and Sleigh seat. The owner can have them on ap-  
plication at Gay & Dearborn's Store.  
**TRUEWORTHY ROLLINS.**



## POETRY.

## ODE TO MEMORY.—BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"  
Job v.

And where is he? not by the side  
Whose every want he lov'd to tend;  
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,  
Where sweetly lost, he oft would wend;  
That form beloved, he marks no more,  
Those scenes admired no more shall see;  
Those scenes are lovely as before,  
And she is fair,—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim  
That used to gild his favorite hill;  
The pleasures that were dear to him,  
Are dear to life and nature still:  
But ah! his home is not as fair,  
Neglected must his gardens be;  
The lilies droop and wither there,  
And seem to whisper "where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall,  
But where is now this proud display?  
His riches, honors, pleasures, all  
Desire could frame;—but where are they?  
And he, as some tall rock that stands  
Protected by the circling sea,  
Surrounded by admiring bands,  
Seem'd proudly strong,—and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,  
The fire-side shews a vacant chair;  
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,  
And death displays his banner there;  
The life is gone, the breath has fled,  
And what has been, no more shall be,  
The well known form, the welcome tread,  
Oh! where are they, and where is he?

## CONSUMPTION.

I saw a maiden smile, and happiness  
Was in her smile—health glowed upon her  
cheek;  
Fleet was her step, and light her bounding  
heart,

And love was in her eye, wherein no tears  
Had ever found a place, save those of joy,  
Or the pure gem of sympathetic birth.  
But then when others wept, her heart was full,  
And the big tear would tremble on the lid  
As the wild dew-drop, on the fresh spring  
flower.

Trembles, all sparkling in the morning sun.  
But pale Consumption, glutted with the spoils  
Of many an age, and strong with recent  
conquests,  
Attacked her.—

I saw the roses fade, that smiling face  
Day after day more pale, save when the hectic  
tint,

The life devouring worm, drove to her cheek  
The rosy peach, the sign of dissolution.  
I saw her when she died—her languid frame  
Grown thin with many a month of weary  
turning

On the sick couch,—and lips all parched with  
fever,  
And bosom heavy with convulsive sighs,  
I saw that eye, the seat of many a charm,  
Grow dim—then fixed, like comet, strangely  
glare  
In space without an object.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Perhaps there are but few, who have  
not remarked with what awakened feel-  
ings every one is inclined to speak of  
the scenes of our revolution. An intense  
interest gets hold of our hearts on the slight-  
est allusion to the days which, in the pro-  
verbial language of us all, were "the days  
which tried men's souls." The aged feel  
it, because it brings back to their fading  
memories the sacrifices which a strong  
sense of duty compelled them to make  
over comfort and ease. And all others are  
alive to it, because "they have heard with  
their ears, and their fathers have told  
them," of the trials and sufferings which  
came unbidden to every dwelling and turned  
all hearts to rest on God, as in the hour  
of danger, children gather round a moth-  
er for protection.

To these scenes it is well now and then  
to recur. The burden of pain we know  
was then heavy on all—but we cannot feel  
how dreadfully it bore on the few—how  
sorrowfully individual strength was crush-  
ed—how bitter were the dregs which fa-  
thers, and mothers, and sisters were com-  
pelled to drink—and how many homes be-  
came for a long time the abodes of afflic-  
tion.

It was at the close of a Sabbath day,  
not long after the commencement of hos-  
tilities, that a warning was brought to the  
town of ——— to furnish forth a company  
of militia men to march the next day to —  
to defend the place from the attack of its  
foes. This demand made upon the inhabi-  
tants of a town, rather in the interior of  
the land, and particularly distinguished for  
the union which existed there, had a very  
different effect on the several families which  
composed it. With some there was a won-  
derful animation at the thought of march-  
ing off and leading a camp life, and being  
engaged too, as they thought, in the de-  
fence of right, and their whole souls were  
wrought up to enthusiasm, with the patri-  
otic feeling which came over them. On  
others the call fell sadly; for to comply  
with it was to be to them—it may be alone  
—the interruption of happy hours and days  
of quiet; and though no one would shrink  
for a moment, yet a sort of pulsing fear  
came over the mother and the maiden, as  
each thought of the uncertain fate which  
was to attend the son or the brother, or  
one still dearer and closer to the heart  
than either. With the other sex there  
was more of stern resolve, and of victory  
over feeling;—but in that place many a fa-  
ther was found whose lip trembled as he  
spoke, that evening, to his son, of the pre-  
paration he must make for the demand  
made of him;—and many a one repressed  
the rising fear, that, of the youthful band,  
who, the next morning, should march off  
in living strength, under the ensigns of bat-  
tle, many had enlisted in that last war, "in  
which there is no discharge."

But to the youthful spirits who were to  
form that gallant band no discouraging  
word was spoken. In every dwelling there

was busy preparation—fathers superinten-  
ding—mothers, anxious that their sons  
should have all to carry with them they  
could have—sisters, seeking to find out  
little wants, and untiring in supplying them  
—brothers, officious in asking a thousand  
questions, and domestics eager to give  
their aid to those who must soon be depriv-  
ed of their services.

My story will be mostly confined to two  
families, particularly affected by the mili-  
tary preparation then and there making.  
A son of Squire ———, a young man of  
fine character, was to be one of the militia  
men in the next day's march. The old  
gentleman, his father, was one of those  
men of sterling sense, who, though rugged  
in exterior, possess much that is noble and  
cultivated within. He was fond of Henry,  
and was perhaps as sensible and as anxious  
of the danger which awaited him, as others,  
who expressed much more solicitude.

Henry was the mother's joy, and the fa-  
ther's hope—and his departure must cause a  
breach in the circle of an affectionate  
family.

"Henry," said the father, after the eve-  
ning's preparation, "you will go to night  
and take leave of Dr. ———, for in the  
morning you will hardly have time. The  
urgency of the occasion will excuse the  
hour;—and I'll wait prayers for your re-  
turn."

The mother followed him to the door,  
and as the name of Isabel sounded in the  
Squire's ears, he continued, "better as  
you return from the ministers."

Henry had indeed something more to  
do than to bid farewell to those at home,  
and at the good ministers where his father  
was so anxious he should go. At another  
place, his second home he must make a  
parting call; and to do this he found to be  
not the lightest in that evening's troubles.

In the other family just alluded to, the  
affection and pride of the parents rested on  
two beautiful daughters, with whom Henry  
had passed much of his hitherto happy  
life; and thither, after the parting shake of  
the hand with the minister, were his steps  
directed. As he approached the house,  
the fireside circle was seen through the  
window, and never before as it seemed to  
him, had he come to it with such sad fore-  
bodings. The daughters, Isabel and Ma-  
ry,—the father and mother were earnestly  
engaged in conversation about the ap-  
proaching march. "Why here you are  
now, Henry, glad to see you," said the fa-  
ther, as he rose to welcome him. "Tell  
us are you one of the drawn men? We  
were just saying, we should be sorry if you  
must be one to go." "Oh yes, Sir," said  
Henry, as he passed through the usual  
salutation, and took his accustomed seat  
between Isabel and Mary. "I go early  
in the morning," adding with marked em-  
otion, "but then the cause you know, Sir."

"That's well," said the old gentleman,  
rising, "I am proud of you Henry," at the  
same time patting his shoulder, "It is well  
that the same spirit is universal."

The mother and the daughters were now  
full of anxious inquiries, and more anxious  
looks. Isabel spoke the least, as the love  
which is strongest and deepest, is always  
the most silent. It is enough to say that  
their attachment had been long and mutu-  
al, and of that kind which had become  
stronger from the interest which the pa-  
rents on both sides had taken in it. The  
object of Henry's visit will therefore have  
been guessed at before this. It was to bid  
farewell to Isabel, the object of his first  
love, and to the friends he had been often  
with in sorrow and in joy. The hour he  
spent with them passed speedily away.—  
As he rose to depart, the father said, "my  
blessing go with you." The mother gave  
him a charge to be careful of himself. The  
girls clasped his hands. Isabel held  
in one hand a little red Bible which Henry  
had given her long before, and in the other,  
his hand, which had been promised with  
his heart. I have often thought, but  
perhaps it is a foolish superstition, when  
great danger or death awaits us, we are  
not unfrequently apprised of our fate. Ei-  
ther from a love of the marvellous, or be-  
cause the case was really so, the latter I  
shall believe—when the story of Henry is  
told, it is said also, that in taking leave  
of Isabel, he pointed to the Bible and said,  
"It may be that I shall never return.  
That sacred book will be to you, Isabel, a  
memorial of me. And Mary," he added,  
you have the turtle shell seal. Your fa-  
ther and mother have memento enough in  
the memory of the happy hours I have  
spent with them." From both he received  
a parting token of affection and friend-  
ship, and from all the promise of being re-  
membered. Tears rolled down his cheeks  
as he left the house; and wiping them a-  
way as he thought of his duty—he hasten-  
ed, and reached home in time to join  
with the family in the evening devotion.

Early the next morning was the sound  
of the roll-call heard on the plain. There  
was busy stirring of people in the town  
that morning. There were anxious looks  
and running to and fro, and hearts beating  
high. Some of the old came out to look  
at the martial appearance their grand-sons  
made, and fathers were intent on the scene,  
and the young were there to gaze and  
wonder. The sun rose in splendour, and  
shining on the burnished arms of the long  
extended band, gave them a most glorious  
appearance. They started off on their  
march with drums beating and fife play-  
ing, and arms glistening. It is recorded,  
that when they reached the Squire's house  
he came out to meet them. Suddenly the  
music ceased. They halted for a time  
while he spoke a few words to them; at  
the same time adding to his son: "Henry,  
be a man and do your country honour, or  
else let me never see your face again." And  
then they struck up again and march-

ed off. They were watched till they were  
out of sight, and till the last sound of the  
drum had died away on the air.

Thus much had I gathered from an in-  
teresting old landlord of an inn, where I  
had occasion to stop, not many years ago.  
While standing at the door, engaged in  
conversation, we were suddenly interrupted  
by his being called within to attend up-  
on another guest. My attention was how-  
ever quickly taken up in watching the con-  
duct of a female, who that moment enter-  
ed the yard, with a book under her arm,  
talking incoherently to herself. I could  
not but observe in her general appearance  
many marks of earlier beauty, which was  
now faded away. In particular, her dark  
eye, and hair still black, and a set of per-  
fect teeth, though age had left wrinkles  
on her forehead, were too striking to pass  
unnoticed. She looked me in the face  
with a wild stare, and passing on, confer-  
red the same compliment on my horse, and  
then left the yard. The landlord return-  
ed, and as he had taken some interest in  
my curiosity, to learn what he could so  
easily relate, began to speak of the same  
subject with which he had broken off.—  
"But he was shot—two others with him.  
It was a melancholy time when they were  
brought home, and we had a sorrowful fu-  
neral when we buried them." After a mo-  
ment's pause he continued, "But our bury-  
ing yard is near by—if you think you  
have time, we'll just step over and see  
their graves." As may be supposed, I ac-  
companied my host in his proposed walk.

Scarcely had we left the yard of the  
inn, when before us was seen the female  
to whom I have just alluded. "There is  
the maniac now," exclaimed the landlord,  
so he was pleased to call her. "That  
person before us is the Isabel, whom Hen-  
ry visited the night before his march. She  
is the last of her family, and of his no one  
survives." "But, my friend," said I,  
"how—?" "How she came as she is, I  
leave you to conjecture—and of other in-  
cidents, which occurred, relating to both  
the families, it would take too long to  
speak. We about here are accustomed to  
her conduct, and are not so much struck  
by it as every stranger who happens to  
see her. The Bible under her arm, (for  
it is one,) is the same Henry left in charge  
with her. Wherever she goes, she takes  
that with her, and for years has not been  
seen without it. But here is our grave  
yard," said he, at the same time springing  
over a ruined wall. I followed him to a  
retired corner, where three grave stones  
placed along in order, stood at the head  
of the mounds, which years before had  
been so carefully raised over the youthful  
warriors. With the stone by the grave of  
Henry, I was interested, and was earnest  
to decipher what was its inscription. But  
little of what was once legible could then  
be discovered. The moss had grown  
thickly over the epitaph, and after much  
rubbing, his name only, and "aged twenty-  
ty" in the cause of his country," were  
all I could make out. Just behind me, as  
I rose up, I perceived the maniac standing  
by the wall, over which we had entered.  
From her little Bible she began reading  
portions from the interesting account there  
given of the raising of Lazarus. Then  
closing the book she cried "He is dead,  
you can't shoot him now. Maybe you  
would like to have another shot at him.  
But he has been there forty-five years the  
fifth of next December, at five o'clock in  
the afternoon." For myself, I can look  
on death and sickness in all their frightful  
forms, and though trembling, can brave  
somehow of danger—but I cannot look on  
those, without shuddering, and weakness,  
and loss of courage, for whom "the golden  
bowl has become broken," and in whose  
secret chambers, wildness and distra-  
ction have usurped the throne, where  
reason was designed to reign.

In a few minutes, I was on the way to-  
wards my place of destination—and after  
the absence of a few weeks, on my return  
homeward, I learnt from the host of the  
inn, that the crazy Isabel was dead, and  
had been buried by the side of her young  
hero. The rest of my journey I had sub-  
jected enough for contemplation. My mind  
was full of what I had seen and heard. I  
tried to reason on the blessings of free in-  
stitutions, and the glory of a free land. I  
was musing on the "name and praise we  
had among the nations of the earth"—but  
my thoughts continually recurred to the  
price they cost us. I thought of parents  
who looked forward to joy, but who went  
down to their graves with hopes disappoint-  
ed and with sorrow resting on their gray  
hairs. I thought of blighted affection, and  
the early whispers of tenderness, which  
had ended in tears, and the desolation of  
the heart, and the ruins of the mind. I  
thought of the morning beaming with  
promise,—and the despair and wretched-  
ness which sometimes succeed our bright-  
est expectations—and amidst all my re-  
flections, I could only rest steadfastly on  
the promises of Him, who hath ordered  
and who will order all things for the wisest  
and best purposes. As for "his judgments,"  
they "are unsearchable, and his ways past  
finding out."

GERMAN APOLOGUE.—Three individuals  
die, and successively present themselves  
at the gates of Heaven. The first knocks  
and demands admittance of St. Peter, say-  
ing, "I am a true Evangelical Lutheran  
Christian from Wittenberg." "Sit down  
without, on yonder bench," was the reply.  
The next states, he is of the Reformed  
Calvinistic Church of Geneva, and St.  
Peter makes him also sit down on the seat  
with the former. When lastly comes the  
third, claiming admission as a member of  
the Holy Apostolic Catholic Church of  
Rome, who is likewise sent to the same

bench with the rest. On a sudden ap-  
pears to them the DIVINITY with all its  
mighty attributes; and the three, moved  
by one spontaneous impulse, call out with  
one accord: "We all believe in One God,"  
when instantly Heaven's gates fly open,  
and hand in hand they enter.—There ap-  
pears to me a beauty in this conception,  
which I should fear to impair by attempt-  
ing anything by way of illustration.  
Ed. London Examiner.

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## NOTICE!

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his  
friends, both Agents and Patrons, especially,  
in this State, that all who are in arrears for  
the "CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER," will find  
it to their advantage to adjust their accounts,  
previous to the 15th of April next. The  
Printer must have pay, for his hard work, and  
that, immediately!

R. STREETER.

Portland, Jan. 24, 1827.

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Mathematical Instruments, Scales, &c. &c. com-  
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Gardiner, January 5.

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JAUNDICE BITTERS.

THESE BITTERS are extremely well adapted  
to remove the Bile and Jaundice complaints,  
to which most constitutions are subject in the  
Venereal Season. They are a moderate cathartic;  
they cleanse the stomach and bowels of phlegm and  
Bile; strongly invigorate the coats of the  
Stomach; promote digestion; and restore the loss  
of Appetite. The Inventor does not pretend to say,  
(as many have done) they will cure all diseases;  
but he is confident, from many years' experience,  
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plaints. As such a remedy, for sale wholesale or  
retail by BOWMAN & PERKINS.  
Price 25 cents a paper. A liberal discount to those  
who purchase to sell again.  
Gardiner, Jan. 19, 1827.

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tural meaning of the words translated  
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tural meaning of the words everlasting, eter-  
nal, &c.

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Gardiner, January 12.

## NEW LINE.

LATELY received by the subscriber, who in-  
tends keeping the article for sale during the  
season, a quantity of NEW LINE.

ALSO, SEA SAND.

Gardiner, January 5.

MAINE FARMER'S, AND THOMAS'  
FARMER'S ALMANACK,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1827,

Constantly for sale, by the hundred, dozen,  
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January 5, 1827.

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DONE IN GOOD STYLE

AND IN THE  
LATEST AND MOST APPROVED FASHION  
AT SHORT NOTICE.

THE Subscriber informs the inhabitants of Gar-  
diner and vicinity, that he has lately agreed  
with two good workmen to carry on the Tailoring  
business, and pledges himself to those who may fa-  
vor him with their work, that it will be done in a  
good, faithful, and fashionable manner as it can  
be done at any other similar establishment on the  
Kennebec River. He also intends keeping cloth-  
ing of every description on hand ready made, which  
he will sell on the most favourable terms.  
M. BURNS.

Gardiner, Jan. 5, 1827.

## LIFE OF MURRAY.

BOWEN & CUSHING have it in contem-  
plation to publish a second edition of the life of  
Rev. John Murray, the first preacher of Universal-  
ism in America. This work is out of print, and at  
the solicitation of many of their friends, and from  
the inquiries that have been made for it, they are  
induced to undertake the publication, if a sufficient  
number of subscribers can be obtained to warrant  
success. The work is so well known, that it will  
need no further recommendation.

They purpose to print in neat duodecimo size, on  
good paper, to contain about 350 pages, for one dollar  
and twenty-five cents, bound, or one dollar in  
boards.

Subscriptions received at the Intelligencer  
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THE PROTECTION  
INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, Connecticut, offers to in-  
sure Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns,  
and the contents of each, together with every other  
similar species of property.

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The rates of premium offered, are as low as those  
of any other similar institution, and every man has  
now an opportunity, for a trifling sum, to protect  
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ment, which often in a single hour sweeps away the  
earnings of many years.

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business, and in the adjusting and payment of losses  
is prompt and liberal. For the terms of insurance  
application may be made to the Agent, who is au-  
thorized to issue policies to applicants without delay.

GEO. EVANS, Agent.  
N. B. During the absence of the Agent, his office  
will be open for business as usual.

Gardiner, January 5, 1827.

FOR SALE,  
AT THE

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A NEW ABRIDGMENT OF  
MURRAY'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

WITH AN IMPROVED SYNTAX.  
BY M. SPRINGER, JR.

THE Compiler of this abridgment claims, for his  
production, no peculiar excellence above other  
abridgments, which have already been published.  
As, however, several gentlemen of eminent literary  
acquirements have expressed an opinion that the  
Abridged Syntax of Murray's Grammar, as it has  
been usually published, is deficient in that variety  
and extent, which is necessary for learners in com-  
mon schools, an attempt has been made in this edi-  
tion to remedy the defect. How far the object has  
been accomplished, will be determined by an en-  
lightened Public.  
Gardiner, January 1.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

KENNEBEC SS. TAKEN on execution, and will  
be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, on  
Saturday the 17th day of February next at 1 o'clock  
in the afternoon, at McLellan's Tavern, in Gar-  
diner.

ALL the right in equity of redeeming, which  
Benjamin Meader has in and to a certain lot  
of land situated in Gardiner aforesaid, on both sides  
of the Brunswick road, (so called) and bounded as  
follows, namely: Southerly by the North line of  
the town of Richmond, Westerly by the Cohasset  
Converse stream, Northerly by land formerly occu-  
pied by Levi Knox, and Easterly by land formerly  
owned by Mr. Spear, and being the same on which  
said Meader now lives, containing about 60 acres,  
together with the buildings thereon standing.  
JESSE JEWETT, Dep. Sheriff.  
Gardiner, Jan. 19.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

KENNEBEC SS. TAKEN on Execution, and will  
be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, on  
Saturday the tenth day of February next, at one  
o'clock, afternoon, at McLellan's tavern in Gar-  
diner.

ALL the right in equity of redeeming, which  
ALEXANDER G. Cox has in, and to a certain  
lot of land situated on Bowmans-point (so called)  
in Hallowell, on the West side of the road leading  
from Hallowell village to Gardiner and bounded as  
follows, viz. South by E. Marshalls, west and north  
by the Widow Springers land containing about one  
fourth of an acre, together with the buildings thereon.  
JESSE JEWETT, Dep. Sheriff.  
Gardiner, Jan. 5, 1827.

Chemical Embrocation,—or  
WHITWELL'S

ORIGINAL COPPELDOC.

Treble the strength of the hard kind.

(BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.)

THIS article is now, beyond all dispute, con-  
sidered by every Physician of extensive prac-  
tice in the U. States, as the best known external  
remedy in all cases of Bruises, Sprains, Gout, Rheu-  
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The use of this celebrated remedy is not con-  
fined to the American States. Orders for it are  
constantly received from South America, the West In-  
dies, Nova-Scotia, Lower Canada, and in our in-  
stance orders were received from England and Rus-  
sia. In a late letter to the Proprietor, from St. Sal-  
vador, the writer observes, "Your opodeldoc begins  
to be well known and fully appreciated." &c.

Certificates have been received, sufficient to fill  
a column of a paper. A few only of the first re-  
spectability are attached to the directions,—among  
which is one from a Physician of the highest grade  
in Europe or America.

(Pause before you purchase.)

No one circumstance can more fully prove the  
value and great demand for this Medicine, than  
the numerous servile and contemptible imitations  
in existence. Some have so closely imitated the  
stamp and type of the outside wrapper, as to be  
difficult of detection, except only by the omission  
of the NAME. Therefore, as you value Life or Limb,  
be sure to ask for and receive WHITWELL'S opo-  
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posed upon.

At the same place may be had, the AROMATIC  
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From its most fragrant and grateful quality, it  
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Also,—DETERGENT BITTERS, a most ex-  
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Also,—JARVIS' BILIOUS PILLS, a cheap  
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